THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. XXI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JULY, 1896. No. 9.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING COLLEGE YEAR.

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One College Year, - - - - - - $1.00
Single Copies, - - - - - - - 12

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The UNDERGRADUATE is constantly on sale at Marshall's Book store or may be obtained of the business manager.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE UNDERGRADUATE wishes a pleasant and profitable vacation to ev ry one.

OUR boarding hall has been carried on with such success this term that we feel that those in charge should receive praise from the columns of the UNDERGRADUATE. Both as to price and quality of board, nothing in town has equalled it. With few changes the boarding hall for the fall term will offer the same advantages.

Patronize the boarding hall; it is there that you come in contact with the real student life, and where the true college spirit should be fostered.

DURING our vacation let not our idle moments go to waste. Rest comes with change of work. Let each student take some stringed instrument and learn to play. Our halls for the last year have resounded somewhat with tuneful strains, yet the number of them should be increased. As opportunity may come to each one, let him learn some instrument; or, if such is not one's desire, let him train the voice. If you can not play as Orpheus did,

> For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,
> Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
> Make tigers tame and huge leviathans
> Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands,

then strike some humbler tune. Each of you will have a place to fill.

If we as students will come to realize that we are few in number as compared with many colleges, and that consequently more duties devolve upon us, we will make our college a greater power. One thing we need here is a stringed-instrument club, and certainly such a thing is not impossible, whether it has been accomplished here before or not.

AS we close the term, another college year is brought to an end. When making our inventory of scholarship, we shall surely find that all have made advancements. Our Alma Mater is becoming endowed with more advantages every year. It is a time of growth in the college for both student and institution. No alumnus can grace our halls or view our campus without seeing marked improvements. If the proposed new library can be pushed to completion before our centennial year, a great step will have been taken forward. "Old Midd" stretches out her hands to the incoming class with greater pride than ever before. She feels that she can offer to every student advantages which can not be obtained in many other colleges, and hopes to see in September a strong class wending its way to her venerable halls.

TO the class of '96 we would say, "God speed." We shall miss your strength, your enthusiasm. As you leave "Old Midd" and venture into new paths, may you keep the college with all its interests in mind. The UNDERGRADUATE expects to hear from you. We want to know how you are getting on, and your classmates will hear from you through our columns. Don't forget the UNDERGRADUATE.

THE NINETY-SIXTH COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises of the ninety-sixth commencement began Sunday morning, the 21st, in the Congregational church, President Brainerd delivering the bac calaureate address and sermon, which was as follows:

Job 2:10. What? Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?

In spite of the world's progress in mental and moral culture, and the vast increase of material comforts, our own age is peculiarly susceptible to certain phases of gloomy discontent. Nerves overwearied by the high tension of modern life predispose us to the feeling that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Then, too, our excessive attention to science has disturbed our faith in God's providence in the affairs of common life. From very many the face of the Heavenly Father is hidden behind the mask of natural law. A child like trust in God's personal care and love has given place to a sense of the littleness of the individual in the vast onward rushing tide of humanity. Thus it comes to pass that in most human lives there are hours of despondency. Our way seems hedged in, our lot one of trouble and sorrow; and we ask, perhaps as Job did, why life is given unto the bitter in soul. I believe there is no mental condition worse than a mood of chronic discouragement. It is a moral disease that paralyzes the nobler energies of the spirit. It tempts us to seek for vulgar pleasures as the only good that is left to us amid the evils of existence. The eagle wings of the soul are clipped, and instead of wheeling in lofty flight in the blue heavens, its proper home, visiting the mountain peaks and exploring far-off lands, it spends its days with the common fowls of the dooryard. We are so made that health of spirit is to be had only by living habitually in the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope.

There is, I am confident, in the religion of Christ a remedy for the modern disease of pessimism. Our human life—your life, my life—need not be a weary, dismal affair, if we determine to make it otherwise. In spite of hardships and sorrows and disappointments, every human being may achieve a real success, a spiritual victory, if he but have faith in God and a resolute will to have it so. There are no evils in our lot which through the grace of God we may not surmount; and, in surmounting them, gain new strength and virtue. Despair is our worst enemy. All the fiends of evil set upon us if we show the spirit of the coward. But they flee before us when we withstand them with manly courage.

The religion of the Bible is emphatically a hopeful religion. It does not ignore the ills of life, but shows how the steadfast soul may meet them so as to become stronger and purer through adversity. It inspires the confident assurance that "all things shall work together for good to them that love God,"—that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed." And nowhere in the Scriptures is this subject more completely and more forcibly presented than in the Book of Job. It is a remarkable fact that in what is perhaps the oldest book in the Bible the great problem of evil is handled with a marvellous depth of insight. Far back in the hoary past this inspired writer indicated how to reconcile the evils of life with the goodness of God. We can do no better in discussing this subject than to follow in the footsteps of his argument.

I. The most obvious answer to the question why men have trouble and sorrow is because of *their transgression of law*. Milton sings

> "Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought Death into the world and all our woe."

If we search candidly into the matter we shall find that very many of the evils that we complain of have come to us through some fault of our own. We might have prevented them if we had acted more wisely. Our troubles are often caused by our mistakes. Our bodily pains and aches are for the most part due to some violation of the laws of our physical well being. Eliminate from our lot all the maladies that spring from our own imprudence and passion, our own selfishness and sin, and what a burden would be lifted from our souls!

Yet, after all, would we have it otherwise? Does not every thoughtful mind realize that the natural penalties that follow the transgression of law are just and salutary? It is a necessary part of the order of the universe. For the attainment of every end under the sun there is a certain course of action that is best, and every departure from that fixed course is harmful. This is the very meaning in nature of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. And in human conduct it is the very essence of wisdom to see that there is a best way to live and to choose that best way, to profit by mistakes, to learn the lessons of defeat, and to realize the folly of transgression. It is not the part of a manly spirit to murmur over the suffering and failure that have come about through one's own misdeeds. It is wiser to acknowledge the justice of the penalty, and to adjust future conduct to the laws of righteousness. For the true penitent there is evermore salvation in God's government of the world. Recently in one of the courts of Canada, when the judge pronounced the sentence of death, the response of the guilty man was: "Correct"! That had the ring of true manhood in it. Whoever in life can face unflinching the evils that come from his own wrongdoing and sincerely say "correct," that soul through God's grace is in the way to triumph over his sin.

II. But not all evils are the result of transgression. Accident, disease, affliction often overtake the innocent. This fact is made prominent in the Book of Job. We have the testimony of Jehovah himself that Job was a perfect and an upright man, and yet he was overwhelmed with calamity. The three friends that visit him have no other explanation of evil than the prevalent doctrine of the age, that all pain is punishment, and consequently they infer that Job has

been secretly guilty of great wickedness. In vain does he protest his innocence; they only repeat their accusations with the greater vehemence. But in the speech of Elihu we have another reason given for the evils of life: they are designed *to discipline* and *to develop the character*. This has become an old familiar truth to the Christian world, but it was new to men in the age of Job. It may be questioned whether we of to-day grasp the full scope and significance of the doctrine.

It is the nature of life everywhere to acquire strength from conflict. That tree has the toughest timber that grew on some hill-top where it was most exposed to the wrenching winds. That people which have a severe climate and poor soil to contend against possess the most vigorous character. How often in the biographies of great men the fact is disclosed that their early life was one of hardship and struggle. Muscular strength is the product of severe labor and training. Mental power is the result of years of stern discipline. So moral character comes only after conflict with evil. Virtue is acquired by resistance to temptation. Patience is begotten from the experiences of sorrow and trouble. Bravery is learned on life's battle field. In short, in all spiritual graces the soul becomes perfect only through suffering.

It is true that in actual life character is not always improved by affliction; but, still, may we not say that in all cases it *might* be? The weak will succumbs to hardship, yields to temptation, is crazed by the bitterness of sorrow, and the soul is lost.

"But well for him whose will is strong;
He suffers, but he will not suffer long."

Prometheus lies bound on the frosty crags of Caucasus, tortured by hungry vultures; but the soul within is unsubdued, and he waits in fortitude for the hour of deliverance. This is the true solution of the problem of evil: through God's grace resist it, rise above it; or, if need be, endure it. We may triumph in one way or another over all afflictions and calamities, and become the better and the purer by the experience.

Evil is thus in the economy of life the dark background against which virtue is made apparent. It is the shadow which is the necessary attendant of the sunshine. It is what the resistance of the air is to the flight of the bird. The air opposes his onward motion; a constant expenditure of energy is required to overcome it. But if there were no air against which to beat its wings and thus propel itself onward, the bird could not rise at all. The evils in life that oppose our progress are often the very means by which we may make advances otherwise impossible.

Archbishop Trench has pointed out the beautiful lessons to be found in the history of the word tribulation. It is a word of the Latin Christians derived from the name of the threshing instrument of the ancient Romans. As the ripened grain is rolled and trodden upon and shaken to separate the wheat from the straw and chaff, so the afflictions and sorrows of life are thought of as God's method of separating in human character the good from the bad.

We may admit, then, that human life is essentially tragic. Nature assails us with disease and disaster; there are storms of evil passion; there is warfare between right and wrong. But in all tragedy there is an undertone of moral earnestness. Out of strife emerges the highest type of manhood. Over the hill of Difficulty and through the valley of Sorrow lies the way that leads to the glories of the Celestial City.

III. But there is still another reason suggested in the Book of Job for the suffering that comes to men. In the prologue we are afforded a glimpse of the divine purpose in the afflictions of Job. It was to exhibit to the sons of God the sincerity of Job's piety and the perfect integrity of his character. His sufferings were not in punishment of sin nor for moral discipline, but for an impressive lesson to the hosts of heaven. It teaches us a third reason for the existence of evil:—that men are sometimes made to suffer for the sake of others.

We do not need to look very far to find illustrations of this law. The wrong doer brings trouble more or less upon all who are associated with him. The father suffers most intensely because of the misdeeds of his wayward son; and the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation The innocent wife is involved in the evil consequences that overtake the crime of the husband; and the husband is ruined by the folly of the wife. When misfortune or disease comes to one of our friends, it touches us, too. The blunders of a general bring defeat upon the whole army. The incompetence or selfishness of a law-maker plunges a whole nation into war or into financial distress. In short, at every turn in life we are subject to pain and loss because of our fellow-men; we have to bear the burdens of others and to suffer with them and for them.

We are tempted at times to question the justice of God in this arrangement of human affairs. But a deeper insight discloses to us its beneficence. The higher life of man is possible only because individuals are united in a common social life, for better, for worse. In no other way than by working together is it possible to achieve great enterprises, to build up commerce, to advance science and to carry forward the cause of human progress. No single life is isolated from the common life; each of us feeds at the common storehouse of wisdom; our opportunities come only through our connections with others; our hopes and joys and achievements are dependent on others. But if we live the common life of our humanity and share its blessings, we must share also its evils. If other men have labored and we have entered into their labors, we also in turn should labor for others. If the social economy by which lives are inextricably bound up with the lives of others is the source of our highest good, we should not complain of its incidental evils.

But this is not the complete solution of the problem. The troubles and burdens that come to us

through others are evils to us chiefly because of our wrong attitude of mind toward them. They appear as evils principally because of our selfishness. We may become so interested in the welfare of others that labor for them and patience and sympathy come to be pleasurable rather than painful. It is a mistake to suppose that self-sacrifice is necessarily painful. It is painful only when made from outward constraint; when made from the dictates of a generous, affectionate nature, it is a pleasure. The father to whom the child is dearer than his own soul gladly devotes his time and labor and wealth for the welfare of that child. The devoted missionary, though he appreciates the comforts of home and civilization, does not leave them with painful regret. All unselfish reformers and patriots and philanthropists—the John Browns, the Luthers, the Pauls—are fearless of the evils that may befall them. As Christ bade, they rejoice and are exceeding glad when men revile and persecute. Paul says, "I glory in tribulation." "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake."

It is a curious psychological fact that the ordinary painful experiences of the mind, where tempered with altruistic feeling, lose to a large extent their painfulness. The wretchedness caused by a consciousness of our own misdeeds is one thing; sadness at the sight of another's folly or distress is quite a different thing. The tears of compassion are not as hateful to us as the tears of remorse or of affliction. We often choose to hear the sad tale of human woe and to look upon the terrible scenes of tragedy, even though they make us weep and shudder. It may be thus that the tenderest sympathy of angels for human misery is not inconsistent with heavenly bliss. The Blessed Saviour who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, speaks nevertheless of his joy and peace. For, as Dr. Bushnell has finely said, "There is in a soul given up to loss and pain for love's sake, such a consciousness of good—it is so far ennobled by its own great feeling—that it rises in the sense of magnitude and majesty and God-likeness, and has thoughts breaking out in it as the sound of many waters, joys that are as full as the sea . . . . We are never so happy, so essentially blessed as when we suffer well, wearing out our life in sympathies spent on the evil and undeserving, burdened heavily in our prayers, struggling on through secret Gethsemanes and groaning before God in groanings audible to God alone, for those who have no mercy on themselves." And so we find, once more, that the evils of life arise from defects in *us* rather than from defects in the outside world. They come from a lack of adjustment to our surroundings. When we apply generous sympathies, when we learn to live for others, social burdens, the demands of friendship, the cries of distress, even the assaults of enmity cease to be unmitigated evils, and become instead means of growth into nobler character.

But there is one further lesson on this general subject to be learned from the Book of Job. We have seen that in the prologue the reader is made acquainted with the divine purposes to be accomplished in the sufferings of Job. But it is a remarkable fact that this purpose is nowhere disclosed to Job or to any of the human characters in the drama. Jehovah speaks to them out of the whirlwind, but it is only to impress upon their minds a proper sense of his majesty and power, and to lead them in all the calamities of life to a reverent trust in His wisdom and goodness.

After all that reason may urge to justify the ways of God to man, the great lesson for *us* also to learn is trustful submission to the Divine will We may not expect to understand always why certain evils have befallen us. It chiefly concerns us to believe that affliction cometh not from the dust, nor doth trouble spring up from the ground. They are not due to an evil fate, nor the outcome of blind and remorseless law, but the beneficent appointments of an all-wise Father to make us wiser and better.

If we have this trust in God's goodness in the ordering of human affairs, we shall meet the experiences of life with manly courage. Ah! courage - pluck—nerve—this is what we need to achieve glorious victories on life's battle field. For human life is a battle field, and what true man would have it otherwise? Life would not be worth living if there were no obstacles to be overcome, no evils to be encountered, no pains to be endured. It is only when we falter and turn pale with cowardly fears that our enemies close round us and oppress us. At such a time we may justly say,

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

The true solution of the problem of life is not to murmur over the evil lot that has befallen us, nor to pray that hardship and sorrow may be removed out of our pathway, but to pray for more courage and energy to master our difficulties and to profit by our afflictions.

> Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No life that breathes with human breath
> Hath ever truly longed for death.
> 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want.

If we have made errors, if we have sinned and just punishment has overtaken us, let us drink the bitter medicine with better resolves for the future,—glad for the moral health and vigor that it promises. If stumbling blocks are in our pathway, let us warily make of them stepping-stones to higher things. Learn, with Rabbi Ben Ezra, to

> Welcome each rebuff,
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go.

If our fellow-men impose grievous trials and burdens upon us, let us gain the strength of character that comes from enlarged sympathies and the joy that accompanies loving self sacrifice. So shall life be for us a grand success. And if at length mortal strength fail us, and the dark hour come, we will wait in hope of that immortal day, when we may enter with youthful vigor upon the activities of the eternal life.

DEAR PUPILS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:—The hour is near at hand when you must leave the familiar halls and shaded walks of our Alma Mater, say good-bye to your instructors and to each other, and scatter to the various fields of labor to which opportunity shall call you. At such a time as this your thoughts naturally turn to the future. Perhaps with timid hearts you hesitate a moment before stepping forward into the uncertain haze that hides the coming years. Or, perhaps, the hopefulness of youth fills the future with bright pictures of happy hours and successful achievement—pictures in which the strife and hardship and weariness of life have no place. We, too, who have known you so intimately and so pleasantly during the four years of your college life cannot help thinking in this parting hour, with the kindest solicitude, of the experiences that are before you. Our best wishes go with you—that your chosen life-work may be congenial, that you may have happy homes, that men may esteem you for manly worth and for womanly grace. Fond affection would gladly, if it were in her power, place in your keeping a talisman that would save you from all mistakes and misfortunes and hardships, and fill each passing year with continual peace and happiness and usefulness.

But this may not be; and shall we not believe that our Heavenly Father has wisely ordered it otherwise? Are there not some lessons in life that we learn best from painful mistakes? Are there not high plains of character which we can reach only by climbing steep and stony pathways? Are there not priceless blessings for our fellow-men that are to be won only by deeds of heroism and the sacrifice of personal ease and health and life?

There *is* a divine talisman that will make every life a success of the highest kind: complete trust in God and unflinching courage, whatever evils may befall us. This is the heavenly alchemy that transmutes all pain and toil and loss into the gold of character. Thus may this earthly life with its sin and strife and suffering be the pathway leading to the Paradise of God.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLLEGE Y. M. C. A.

On Sunday evening the customary annual observance of the Young Men's Christian association took place. Guy C. Lamson, '96, presided over the meeting. Rev. Dr. W. A. Farnsworth, '48, of Cesarea, Turkey, offered prayer, and Rev. F. B. Denio, '71, professor of Hebrew in Bangor Theological Seminary, gave the address.

Prof. Denio was introduced by Mr. Lamson. The speaker announced his subject to be "The Importance of Enthusiasm as a Factor in Life." It was, he said, an enthusiastic man, not mere enthusiasm which he would consider. The manifestation of enthusiasm varies with the temperament of the individual, so that it is not always easy to discern who does and who does not possess it. And, after all, it is the underlying existence of enthusiasm rather than its outward manifestations that is of value. No scholar ever achieves greatness if not enthusiastic in the pursuit of the end he has set out to reach. Enthusiasm is conditioned upon the formation and ardent pursuit of an ideal. The great danger in the lives of many lies in the loss of ideals, in cynicism and in discouragements. Three ideals at least ought not to be lost: First, the artistic notion of life—enthusiasm to make that life perfect—should never be permitted to degenerate into the artisan or commercial spirit, which regards life as merely the opportunity to get so much wages. The man who makes the best possible use of each day of his life is an artist, no matter what his occupation may be. The second and necessary powerful ideal is truth. Truth is the prime necessity of life. It demands absolute honesty, and this not only in the man of affairs, but in the scholar and the controversialist. It demands perfect control of our lives; the following of truth leads to life that is worth the living. Truthful living, of course, includes truthful thinking and speaking. Truth is not a luxury, but a necessity, if we would keep close to reality. It is not only the most beautiful thing in the world, but the most useful. The third and last ideal is that of the embodiment of truth in human society. This is an ideal not to be reached in the lifetime of any one of us, but it is not unattainable. These three ideals were those which animated Jesus Christ, and we may all possess them and be led by them to perfect lives. Every life thus governed has all the forces of the universe at its command, and every life otherwise controlled is bound to be a failure.

CLASS DAY.

This year the good old custom of class day was revived, and Nature showed her appreciation by a day of sunshine. The exercises were held on the campus Monday afternoon, and quite an audience assembled to hear them. The program was as follows:

Address of Welcome,	C. E. Fitzpatrick, Class President.
Oration,	Guy C. Lamson.
History,	W. Bryant Wilcox.
Address to Undergraduates,	David H. Blossom.
Singing,	Symphony Quartet.
Prophesy,	Elmer H. Cutts.
Presentation to Under Classes,	James Moore.
Poem.	C. W. Prentiss.
Smoking Pipe of Peace.	
Class Ode,	Miss Lena M. Roseman.

The whole program was exceedingly enjoyable, but for lack of space we print only the poem by C. W. Prentiss.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Should I invoke thy aid, O Muse,
To fitly sing my noble theme,
I half suspect thou would'st refuse
To work in such a team;

And yet to fitly paint to-day
The many thoughts that fill our minds
Would need nine muses, to essay
Their skill of sundry kinds.

We leave these walls, these shady trees
And bid farewell to college life,
To sail upon the unknown seas—
And shoals—of worldly strife.

At such a time our moods accord,
The swelling springs of memory flow,
And back into our minds have poured
The thoughts of long ago.

Three years—yes, classmates, nearly four—
Have passed since that remembered day
Which saw our good ship leave the shore
And bear us on our way.

As cabin.boys we joined the crew
Of the staunch bark, our dear old college,
And started out to die or do
In search of deep-sea knowledge.

But now as able-bodied tars
Our labor by success is crowned,
The fair breeze whistles through the spars,
And we are homeward bound.

Look back upon this cruise of ours!
Labor and pleasure everywhere
Served like the sunshine and the showers
To make the days more fair.

At first, indeed, we had the "blues,"
Though green enough was Ninety-Six;
And would as much have liked a cruise
Upon the river Styx;

But, comrades, on life's boundless sea,
Four years in fair and stormy weather
A pleasant memory will be,
Our happy days together.

Their joys we never shall forget,
Though we forget the weary toil;
Sorrow's dim, smoky light we'll let
Burn out like midnight oil.

How many nights have seen us pore
Over our desks with volumes piled,
Drinking deep draughts of classic lore,
Drawn very, very mild.

On struggles with the Roman tongue
And frantic fights with Statics
A Latin poem could be sung,
Or ode to Mathematics.

Those days are now forever past.
Peace to their ashes! "Tommie's" smiles
No more will strike our hearts aghast
With dread of hidden wiles.

And even in our bygone care
A source of pleasure may be found,
For now the breeze is blowing fair,
And we are homeward bound.

We've seen fair "Aphrodite" rise
From out the foam of Freshman year,
Shine like a star before all eyes
And star-like disappear.

And next the Junior iceberg jam,
By which our onward course was choked,
Gave way before our powerful "Ram,"
And Ninety-Five was "soaked."

Sea-faring men in days of old
At night were guided by the stars,
Which never failed, so we are told,
To lead aright the tars;

But trusting to the starry ray
Astronomy made us its dupe,
For where we sought the milky-way
We found a dish of soup.

Since then our college days have been
Enjoyed in peace and cheered by hope
As varied as the sketches in
Our own "Kaleidoscope."

And now as we are nearing port,
Beneath our flag we gather round—
Adieu to college work and sport!
For we are homeward bound.

As ever dauntless seamen did,
Our banner to the peak we'll fix
To float in triumph over Midd,
The pride of Ninety-Six.

High may it float in future years!
And may we ever proudly say,
Where'er it waved, come joy, come tears,
"It found or made a way."

A cup of kindness let us mix,
And as like wine it sparkles round,
A health to Midd and Ninety-Six!
The good ship homeward bound.

ALUMNI DAY.

At 10.15 a. m. in the chapel was held the preliminary meeting of the Associated Alumni, Rev. G. W. R. Scott, D. D., '64, Leominster, Mass., presiding. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, T. E. Boyce, '76, and approved.

A committee of three was appointed to prepare and report nominations for the next morning, consisting of Rev. A. W. Wild, '57, of Elizabethtown, N. Y.; Prof. Walter E. Howard, '71, and Prentiss C. Hoyt, '89, principal of the Middlebury high school.

After the regular business was disposed of, a discussion was held on the subject of a new library building. The intention is to have it completed by 1900, the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the college.

Rev. Dr. Wilson H. Farnsworth, '48, spoke very enthusiastically of the project, though he probably would not be in this country at the centennial.

Prof. Eaton was then called on, who said he hoped the library would soon be a settled fact.

Prof. Wright attributed all the credit for what had been done toward bringing about the accomplishment of the plan to Mr. Vail, who had spent much time and money in having suitable plans made Pamphlets

with pictures and drawings were distributed, and all agree that the building as planned will be equal in beauty and convenience to any.

The exercises proper were held in the Congregational church, beginning at 11.30. Reille's orchestra of Rutland furnished several selections. The address was delivered by Prof. C. W. Hall, '71, of the University of Minnesota. Prof. Hall's oration was vividly interesting and instructive:

"THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT AND THE FUTURE."

As we ring electric bells, talk with friends miles away, flash messages around the world, ride in electric cars to and from our daily work, see the roll and listen to the whirr of electric machinery, read our papers and walk the streets in the light of electric lamps, who shall not say that the day is at hand, nay, is already here, when some new Jerusalem, if not that of St. John, can be enjoyed by all.

A giant has reposed in sleep since the veil of the temple was rent in twain, under the soothing hand which nature has held out to guard him. The stir and hum amongst nature's forces produced by those strange human creatures which this geologic age has brought forth—different from all that have gone before them—as they speed to cover and conquer the earth, is arousing him. Yet even now the chains are upon him. This giant Electricity is doomed to become a slave. He may struggle and spring and crush out human lives, still he is to be a slave. His career from now forth shall be that of an obedient force at all times answering the call of duty.

What has brought about this wonderful movement? What causes the awakening of these mighty giants of nature? Truly it cannot be said that they have renewed any lost or wearied strength; the forces of nature never grow weary nor faint; they are ready and willing to respond to all our demands if we only know how to command. They are the ever-present genii inhabiting the air, the waters and the rock-ribbed earth. In them there is no change. They are no more ready to respond now than they were years ago. We are they raised up, made wise and strong by their presence and service. The reason for this condition comes in the spirit of investigation, in the desire to know which is universally present with modern civilization.

The exercise of this spirit and its proper cultivation are moving man toward a most complete control of the forces of nature about him. The ability to see things, the power to discern between the real and the ideal, to separate facts and fancies, impressions and experiences, gives a most remarkable power. Man has no more faculties than he ever had, no keener perceptions, no more enlarged judgments. He is simply training himself to see things as they are and to comprehend them as they exist and act; he is coming to understand the origin of things through those slow and steady processes by which they were originated and to direct the forces of nature to act in his service. In this advance toward supremacy man is applying the scientific method. Science is knowledge. The scientific method of acquiring knowledge, in the parlance of the street, is the method that "gets there."

This profound change has been brought about through the application of human powers to the elucidation of the problems of human environment. Not alone in colleges, in laboratories, in schools, but in every home, in every mine and every workshop have these powers been applied and this spirit of investigation developed.

Looking back through the years we observe how science, that is, the broadest and most comprehensive culture, has substituted the conception of law for that of supernatural intervention. We do not need to go to history to learn that uncivilized man is controlled by superstition. Ignorant man blindly imagines he can call some force to his aid through frantic appeal. He will surrender his powers when he finds that fate is against him and for his enemy. Science, on the other hand, makes a man brave and patient, enduring and victorious. He who has that culture holds giants in chains and can command them.

Note how the spirit of the theologian has become subdued. As knowledge spreads men trace the ancestry of these giants. Questions are propounded these wiseacres, answering which they are forced to be precise in definition—nay, they are forced to formulate definitions for things real and unreal that had never been defined before. That is healthful intellectual business for them. They improved under it. The result is a world-wide movement to separate superstition from the verities of being, to teach man to enjoy the pleasures of living as well as to endure its pains. The common things of life have a charm which is associated with their usefulness rather than their marvellous mechanism, too sacred to be touched and too divine for man to breathe upon.

The spirit of research has changed the rate of advancement from the arithmetical to the geometrical. Hundreds of years elapsed before man laid down his stone hammer for a tool of metal. Now only decades mark the time between his seizing upon some one of the forces of nature and its complete subjugation and control. As we turn to the future the vision is very bright. To what attainments man may reach through a proper exercise of his powers let no one attempt to say. His warfare will be along the paths of peace With every waterfall harnessed, with every farm and shop equipped with engines and motors, with flying machines with which he can speed through the air even in the face of the wind, man's intellectual attainments and researches into nature will be far grander than those of the present century.

The address closed with an appeal to institutions of learning to seize upon the opportunities which the present trend of thought and investigation offers, and to lead in this great advance. All reforms extend

downwards and not upwards, and broaden out through communities of intelligent folk. Let the colleges of the land be at once the source and inspiration of glorious accomplishment.

The poem was written and was to have been read by W. W. Gay, '76, but as he is now in Cuba as correspondent for the New York *World*, it was read by Prof. Miter, the instructor in elocution. It was as fol lows :

THE MEN WHO FELL AT GETTYSBURG.

The men who fell at Gettysburg! Shall freemen e'er forget
  The valor of those gallant hearts who in that dread July,
When Meade's war-weary soldiers Lee's victorious veterans met
  In the wild rage of battle for Freedom dared to die?

Three days the cannon thundered on every height until
  Their crests were crowned with lurid flame, the hot guns' fiery breath,
And through the fertile valley and o'er the verdant hill
  Swept the shadow woeful, awful of the all-destroyer Death.

Three days their cannon thundered! In the wheatfield splashed with blood,
  On Round Top's riven summit shot swept from side to side,
In the hell of Bloody Angle closing broken ranks they stood
  And fiercely fought like heroes and like men grandly died.

Three days their cannon thundered! Throughout the 'leagured North
  Men pressed white lips together and weeping women prayed
That the strong arm of the God of Battles be put forth,
  The foes of Freedom smitten and the tide of warfare stayed.

Three weary days of fear and hope, of tears, of prayer upraised,
  When a people groaned in agony upon War's cruel rack;
Then like a trumpet note the cry outrang: "Now God be praised!
  Lee is routed, Lee is routed! They have rolled his armies back".

To laughter fear gave way and men looked in each other's eyes
  Exultant as from steeples clanged the good news o'er the land
And cheers drowned women's weeping, widows', mothers', sisters' cries
  For those who fell in flame and smoke where Freedom made her stand.

To those who fell at Gettysburg what honor can we pay
  In stone or bronze? A greater meed their heroism needs.
Upon the graves of Freedom's dead what chaplet can we lay
  Of martial verse or burning speech all-worthy of their deeds?

No greater glory theirs who clasped the cross unto the breast
  And 'mid the torturing flames their eyes uplifted to the sky
Than theirs who to the smoking mouths of blackened cannon pressed
  At Gettysburg, that Liberty might live content to die.

My Country, loved of noble sons, their monument art thou!
  For thee they braved the storm of death, for thee they fought and fell
That Freedom's heavenly light might shine forever on thy brow
  And never pale its holy flame. My country, guard it well.

And fear not, O my native land, Columbia fair and free,
  With sons like those whose hero souls fear nothing more than shame,
While at thine altars Justice, Truth and Virtue, vestals three,
  Feed Freedom's lamp, fear not lest Time extinguish Freedom's flame.

But hark, a cry of discontent: "Truth from the world has fled;
  "No more the love of Freedom stirs as in the hearts of old;
"Manhood and civic honor have perished with the dead,
  "And upon a recreant people has fallen the curse of gold.

"Greed eats into the nation's heart; she walks Oppression's way;
  "The poor are bending to the earth beneath a weight of wrong;
"The sword of Justice fails to smite; Injustice holdeth sway,
  "Wealth reaps the fruit of Toil and Toil the scourge and prison thong.

"Woe, woe upon that people who have turned them from the Lord,
  "Who have made of God a mockery, placed Evil on the throne!
"For against the day of vengeance the wrath of God is stored;
  "They shall expiate in bitter tears, in blood shall they atone."

Jehovah holds the future in the hollow of his hand,
  Out from his grasp like gleaming grains the golden centuries flow.
The purpose of the Infinite we cannot understand,
  The outcome of the ages we, finite, may not know.

But with the eye of faith we may the course of centuries see,
  The better ever following good, obedient to the law
That up from groveling serfdom to the stature of the free
  Has drawn mankind with steady force and evermore must draw.

As up the shining sands the silver sea in flood-tide creeps,
  As in each foaming foray higher still the white waves climb,
So man in each succeeding age in restless movement sweeps
  Forever higher, higher up the wreck-strewn coast of Time.

Men grow not worse but better; 'tis the evil that decays,
  The false that falls in ruins and marks the world's advance.
And as God lives shall Freedom live and out of ruin raise
  A nobler fane from whose fair spires Hope's golden beams shall glance.

And thou, my country, crown of cruel martyrdoms endured
  Through centuries of darkness, child of centuries of wrong,
Dream of noble men for conscience' sake in dungeons dark immured,
  By tyrant-hating poets sung in brave prophetic song,

Hast thou thy sacred trust betrayed? Hast thou thy birthright sold?
  Have they who with the dead withstood the battle's blood red tide
Surrendered honor, glory to the lust for yellow gold?
  For pottage bartered all for which their martyred brothers died?

'Tis false. They spake thee ill, Columbia, prophesied thy fall
  When slavery's curse was on thee, a blight upon thy land,
Yet how swiftly sprang thy sons to arms at Freedom's trumpet call,
  How freely laid they down their lives at Liberty's command.

From mountain heights where Freedom her eternal vigil keeps,
  From wind-blown prairie rolling wide to Freedom dedicate,
From seacoast where above the angry storm that landward sweeps
  The sea gull heedless of the gale cries shrilly to his mate,

They came, the common people, unknown, unnoticed men,
  Gave the lie to coward calumny and bade the slanderers cease;
In blood shed o'er unnumbered fields they pledged thy future then
  When from the waste of war they plucked the perfect flower of peace.

And if on Freedom's ark shall fall again the hand profane,
  Once more shall rise in majesty the dark hosts of thy sons

And once again from mountain lands and o'er the level plain
Shall ring the song of Freedom to the thunder of the guns.

O beautiful my country, the past is but a pledge
Of the glory of the future. Keep thy course and dread no ill!
Fear not danger—innovation, the iconoclastic sledge—
The instruments are these with which Heaven works its perfect will.

Still holding high the urn wherein the fires of Freedom burn
I see thee in the forefront of the people's upward press;
Still unto thee appealing eyes unhappy nations turn,
Still is thy shield a shelter from oppression and distress.

Where men are stricken to the dust beneath the hand of Might,
Where ambition to be free is met by death or prison bars,
Still hope rekindles in the heart as through Oppression's night
Flash the radiance and the glory of thine everlasting stars.

The orator of the day nominated Albee Smith of Minneapolis for honorary membership to the alumni association, and he was elected. The poet failed to send in the name of any one for that honor.

THE ALUMNI DINNER.

The alumni dinner was given at the Addison House at 2 o'clock, and was a bountiful spread. After dinner there were many enthusiastic speeches bearing on the subject of the new library. Every one felt the need of it and the appropriateness of having it completed by 1900. It was nearly 5 o'clock before the dinner was over.

PRIZE SPEAKING.

In the evening the prize speaking for the Parker and Merrill prizes took place. The programme was exceedingly well carried out and the speakers showed the careful training of Prof. Miter, our new instructor in elocution. The church was unable to seat the great numbers of those in attendance. The programme was as follows:

PARKER CONTEST.

Music.

Extract from Tale of Two Cities, Dickens.
Loren Roy Howard.

A Deacon's Story, Overton.
George William Stone.

The Vagabonds, Trowbridge.
Ernest James Waterman.

How He Saved St. Michael's, Stansbury
John Russell Whitney.

Music.

MERRILL CONTEST.

The Rebel Yell, Anon.
Audley Janes Bliss.

The Hero in Gray, Grady.
William Henry Botsford.

Claudius and Cynthia, Thompson.
Walter Barrett Dunton.

Karl the Martyr, Anon.
James Andrew Lobban.

Music.

Paul Revere's Ride, Longfellow.
Joseph Alanson Peck.

Forest King's Victory, Ouida.
Robert Laurence Rice.

The Assault on Wagner, Dickinson.
William Belden Richmond.

The Black Horse and His Rider, Lippard.
Theodore Donald Wells.

Music.

Award of Prizes.

The prizes were awarded to the following persons: Parker Prizes—First, Mr. Waterman; second, Mr. Stone. Merrill prizes—First, Mr. Richmond; second, Mr. Botsford; third, Mr. Dunton; fourth, Mr. Wells.

The reunions of the different fraternities were held after the prize speaking.

CHI PSI.

The Chi Psi fraternity held their annual reunion in their rooms shortly after the prize speaking. Among the alumni present were Hon. J. W. Stewart, '46, Wilds, '75, C. B. Warner, '77, Denio, '71, and Eddy, '60.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

Among the alumni present at the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity were John G. McIntyre, '65, Samuel Sheldon, '83, Milton A. Brooks, '81, A. Burr Pease, '90, John Fletcher, '87, Ford C. Langworthy, '87, James M. Slade, '67, Louis Taylor, '93, C. A. Adams, '95, Wm. Eldridge, '95, and Ira La Fleur, '94.

DELTA UPSILON.

At the Delta Upsilon fraternity reunion the following alumni were present: A. W. Wild, '57, H. H. Vail, '60, E. B. Sherman, '60, S. B. Partridge, '61, T. W. Darling, '74, C. C. Gove, '74, Walter E. Howard, '71, C. W. Hall, '71, A. E. Higley, '68, Gilbert Cady, '93, E. P. Brown, '93, Carl Mead, '91, and B. C. Miner, '93.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

On Wednesday morning the alumni met at chapel and held their annual meeting. Short addresses were given by Pres. Brainerd and Prof. Howard concerning the proposed new library building and about the college centennial in 1900. The report of the necrological committee was given by A. W. Wild, who reported fifteen deaths during the last year: Jonathan B. Kidder, '21; Rev. Geo. C. V. Eastman, '29; Wm. Jones Hopkins, '32; Rev. Philos G. Cook, '33; Rev. Josiah B. Clark, '34; Rev. Milton Bradley, '35; Rev. Harvey D. Kitchel, D. D., '35; John Graham Foote, '35; Wm. Dickinson Griswold, '36; John Henry Whiteside, '36; Peter Starr, '46; Alfred Jerome Long, M.D., '51; John Cleveland Fenton, '54; Geo. Erastus Lane, '59; Lauren Anson Scott, '62; Rev. Juba Howe Vorce, '65; Winfield Scott Austin, '76.

The nominating committee reported as follows: President, Henry F. Walker, '60; vice-presidents, J. M.

Gifford, '77, E. D. Howe, '87; secretary, T. E. Boyce, '76; orator, Samuel Sheldon, '83; alternate, Rev. J. W. Bradshaw, '69; poet, Jas. C. Harvey, '81; alternate, F. M. Peck, '71.

After the alumni meeting the undergraduates and alumni formed in line and followed the band to the Congregational church, where the commencement exercises were carried out. Col. T. M. Chapman acted as commencement marshal, and Cadwell, '97, as junior marshal. The graduating exercises began at 10.30. The following is the order of exercise:

Prayer.

Overture—L'Ete, *Hoffmann.*
Essay, with Salutatory Addresses, Nobilitas Laboris.
Mary Orenda Pollard, Ludlow.
Scientific oration, The Influence of Electricity on Modern Science.
David Henry Blossom, Granville, N. Y.
Philosophical Essay, The Declaration of Independence.
Cora Agnes Brock, Wells River.
*Oration, By Their Fruits.
Elmer Henry Cutts, Middlebury.
*Oration, The Policy of Protection.
Frank Wilson Davis, Mendon.
*Oration, The Time Element in Progress.
Charles Edward Fitzpatrick, Middlebury.
*Oration, Responsibility.
Henry Everett Foster, West Camden, N. Y.
Oration, The Emancipation of the Newspaper.
James Edwards Goodman, Jr., Granville, N. Y.
*Oration, The Ethics of Labor.
John Peter Halnon, Cornwall.
Literary Essay, Lyrics and Life.
Ava Lillian Hawley, Middlebury.
Characteristique—Frolics of the Coons, *Gurney*
Oration, Socialism and the Saloon.
Guy Caleb Lamson, Brattleboro.
Oration, The Benefits of War.
Carl Murdock Merrill, Middlebury.
Oration, The Majesty of Law.
Charles Andrew Munroe, Middlebury
Scientific Oration, Aristotle the Father of Science.
Charles William Prentiss, Middlebury.
*Oration, Politics versus Civil Service.
George Richard Riggs, Middlebury.
Fantasia—Tone Pictures of North and South, *Bendix*
Oration, The Practical Value of Scholarship.
Edward Mortimer Roscoe, New Haven.
*Essay, The Modern Symbol of Mystery.
Lena Maynard Roseman, Middlebury.
Essay, A Needed Type.
Carolyn Marie Swiney, Holyoke, Mass.
Historical Oration, The Philosophy of Revolutions.
William Bryant Wilcox, Crown Point, N. Y.
*Oration, History the Interpreter.
Albert Chamberlin Wales, Milton, Mass.
*Essay, The Debt of Literature to Seclusion.
Mabel Hastings Ware, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Philosophical Essay, The Relation of Repose to Growth.
Alice Florence Tyler, Townsend, Mass.
*Oration, The New and the Old.
Hiram Parker Williamson, Middlebury.
Oration, with Valedictory Addresses, New England and the West.
James Moore, Amboy Center, N. Y.
March—King Cotton, *Sousa*

Conferring of Degrees and Awarding of Prizes.
Benediction.

*Excused from speaking.

After the programme was carried out, honorary degrees were conferred as follows: D. D., on Rev. David J. Edwards, pastor of the American church at Leipsic, Germany, and LL. D. on Henry H. Vail of New York city, a member of the class of 1860.

Honors and prizes were also announced as follows: Freshman Latin prizes, first and second divided equally between Herbert E. Boyce and Lucy W. Southwick; to the young women of the sophomore class for best series of chapel essays, equally divided between Florence C Allen and Delia E. Hapgood; for largest and best herbarium of flowering plants, E. H. Cutts; highest honors in classics, C. W. Prentiss; honors in classics, Mary O. Pollard; highest honors in chemistry, Mary O. Pollard and W. B. Wilcox; highest honors in modern languages, H. Parker Williamson.

THE CORPORATION DINNER.

The corporation dinner was held at the Addison House after the above exercises. Pres. Brainerd acted as toastmaster, and the following responded to toasts: Rev. H. P. Higley, '60; Rev. S. B. Partridge, '61; J G. McIntyre, '65; Prof. W. E. Howard, '71; Rev. C. C. Gove, '74, and W. H. Button, '90.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

On Wednesday evening the Congregational church was filled with a good sized audience, who listened to one of the finest concerts which has been given in town for some years. It was composed of the Weber Quartette of Boston, Doring's Military Band orchestra of Troy, and Miss Nellie Cameron of Berlin, messo-soprano soloist. Mrs. G. D. Miner acted as accompanist. The programme was as follows:

1. Overture—"Concert." *Bach*
Orchestra.
2. "Mon Cœur S' Ouvre a ta Voise." *C. Saint-Saens*
Miss Cameron.
3. Creole Lover's Song. *Smith*
Quartette.
4. Characteristique—"Danse of the Goblins." *Lorraine*
Orchestra.
5. Forest Mill, *Anon*
Quartette.
6. Solvejg's Song. *E. Grieg*
Miss Cameron.
7. Cornet Solo—"Fantasia on Irish Airs." *Short*
Geo. F. Doring.
8. The Lord is My Shepherd. *Marston*
Quartette.
9. Gretchen Am Spinnrade. *Schubert*
Miss Cameron.
10. A New Flower Song—'Hearts and Flowers." *Tobani*
Orchestra.
11. Song—Skippers of St. Ives. *Roeckel*
Mr. Ripley.
12. "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." *Arranged*
Quartette.
13. { *a.* Ouvre Tes Yeux Bleus, *Massenet*
{ *b.* Madrigal. *Chaminade*
Miss Cameron.
14. Battle Scene—"Cavalry Charge." *Luders*
Orchestra.

After the concert a number attended the President's reception, and fifty couple were present at the promenade in the town hall. The ninety-sixth commencement closed with this promenade.

THE CHI PSI RIDE.

A party composed of eleven couples, consisting of members of the Chi Psi fraternity and ladies, enjoyed a ride on Lake Champlain Saturday, June the 20th. They boarded the 9:40 train for Burlington, where they took a steam yacht for Port Kent. After taking dinner at the hotel, Trembleau Hall, they cruised about the northern part of the lake until supper time. After taking supper at the same hotel on their return, they enjoyed a moonlight sail on the lake, and arrived in Burlington in time for the 9:20 train.

THE DELTA UPSILON RIDE.

A party of twenty seven, consisting of members of the Delta Upsilon fraternity with ladies, drove to Vergennes Saturday, the 20th, where the Mariquita was awaiting them. After their trip down the creek they crossed the lake to Westport, and took dinner at the Westport Inn. After dinner the company joined in song and dancing at the hotel. At 3 o'clock they cruised back to Burlington, visiting the Split Rock lighthouse on their way. Supper was taken at the Van Ness House, after which the party boarded the 9:20 train for home. This boat ride was among the pleasant st which the fraternity has taken.

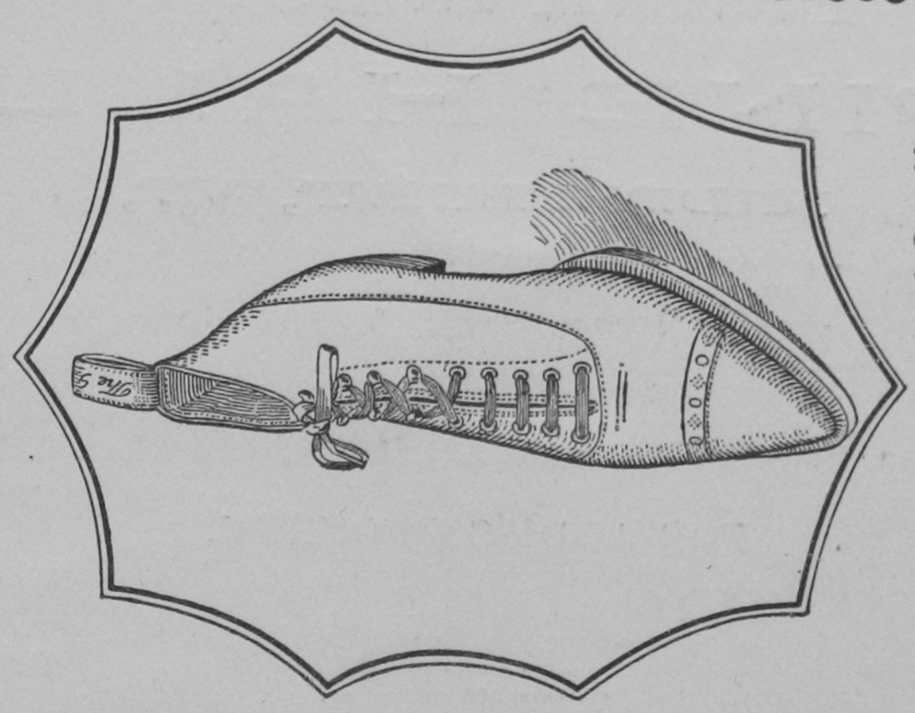
LOCALS

The cost of the board at the boarding hall during the spring term was less than $1.40 a week

A number of the D. K. E. fraternity with young ladies spent June the 20th at Bread Loaf Inn.

Among the alumni present at commencement were the following:

O Wooster, '44, of Rutland; W. N. Bacon, '53, of Bridport; A. W. Wiid, '57, of Elizabethtown, N. Y.; Rev. Dr. W. A. Farnsworth, '48, of Cesarea, Turkey; Hon. E. B. Sherman, '60, of Chicago; H. P. Higley, '60, of Washington, D. C.; H. H. Vail, LL.D, 60, of New York; Hon. John W. Stewart, LL.D., '46, of Middlebury; S. B. Partridge, '61, of Swatow, China; C. E. Abell, '61, of Orwell; Rev. Geo. R. W. Scott, D.D., '64, of Leominster, Mass; John G. McIntyre, '65, of Potsdam, N. Y.; D. K. Simonds, '62, of Manchester; Rev. C. N. Thomas, '61, of New Haven; Prof. C. W. Hall, '71, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Prof. F. B. Denio, '71, of Bangor, Me.; C. M. Wilds, 75, of Middlebury; Geo. M. Wright, '74, of New York; Rev. T. W. Darling, '74, of Wentworth, N. H.; C. B Warner, '77, of Port Henry, N. Y.; William A. Remele, '76, of East Poultney; Hon. James M. Slade, '67, of Middlebury; Hon .L. D. Eldredge, '57; C. C. Gove, '74, of Oakfield, N. Y.; M. H. Eddy, '60, of Middlebury; Samuel Sheldon, '83, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; C B. F. Palmer, '83, of New York; William Slade, '36, of Cleveland, O.; A. A. Lavery, '90, of Malone, N. Y.; Carl Mead, '91, of Chicago, Ill.; B. C. Miner, '93, of New Orleans, La.; F. C. Langworthy, '87, of Middlebury; E. R. Brown, '93, of Newark, N. J; J. B. Donoway, '93, of Vergennes; A. Burr Pease, of Chicago, Ill.; President Brainerd, '64, of Middlebury; Prof. W. E. Howard, '71, Middlebury; Prof. E. C. Bryant, '91, Middlebury; C. E. Adams, '95, of Arlington; George Wright, '95, of Weybridge; W. H. Button, '90: F. H. Button, '90, of Middlebury; John Fletcher, '87, of Middlebury; Ira LaFleur, '94, of Middlebury; Louis Taylor, '93; William Eldridge, '95, of East Middlebury; Rev. Gilbert E. Cady, '93.



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